

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,

Woo't drinke vp *Efill*, eate a *Crocodile*?

Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graine,

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make

Prince of Denmarke.

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ilerant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

Ilo'd you euer, but it is no matter,

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may

The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

and Horatio.

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,

Wee put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gerward* set some watch ouer your sonne,

This graue shall haue a liuing monument,

An houre of quiet thereby shall we see

Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,

And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,

Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well

When our deepe plots doe fall, & that should learne vs

Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,

Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke

Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,

Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My